

AS SEEN BY A WASHINGTON WOMAN

IF YOU CAN FIND TIME TO THINK

Isn't it a fact that you often let the Fourth of July go by without ever having a thrill of patriotism? There was so much to do, so many holiday plans to carry out that you quite forgot those hale old patriots who signed the Declaration of Independence and loyal descendant of those same patriots though you may be, you never stopped to think why a whole nation was taking a holiday.

And on Thanksgiving many a housewife has so much to do by way of stuffing the turkey and engineering the festivities for a reunited family that she never once stops to be thankful. And it is safe to say that on Labor Day not one working man or woman in one hundred ever takes a thought about the dignity and privileges of American industry.

So it won't be very strange if you don't stop to think, on this busy Christmas Day, just what it is all about. You won't stop to remember, perhaps, that this day, which is the

only one of our week-day holidays that is celebrated across the seas, and the only one that was known when our forefathers first came to this continent, is here to remind us, apart from its purely religious significance, of the peace on earth and brotherly love which should be for all people.

But what's the use of talking of peace when half of Christendom is locked in deadly strife? What's the use of talking of brotherly love when apparently all the progress we have made toward that goal since the dawn of Christianity seems to have been lost in a simple series of war declarations? What's the use of trying to help? What's the use of putting your name down on the list of peace societies? What good did Jane Addams do? What good did peace conferences do? Isn't Henry Ford the most ridiculed man in our country?

You are right. It does seem rather hopeless.

But by way of a solution to this difficult situation, isn't it something

of a relief to think that after all we are chiefly responsible for our own personal conduct? And if on this glad Christmas Day we can honestly assure ourselves that we are at peace with all our neighbors, and our families and friends, then we have done our own little share toward making the condition what it should be. If on the contrary we harbor jealousies, resentments, and bitter feelings, then we are out of spirit with the peaceful joyousness of the day—and in our own hearts is something of the hatred and uncharitableness that made this monster of war possible.

So there is really quite a lot that we can each one of us do by even furthering "peace on earth," by throwing the task of patching up petty squabbles and jealousies isn't quite so inspiring a procedure as signing our name to some magnificent peace petition or taking out a membership in the newest organization for the promotion of peace among the nations.

MARY MARSHALL.

HOROSCOPE.

"The stars incline, but do not compel."

Antropologists read this as another unimportant thing, so far as planetary direction is concerned. It is wise, however, to be cautious in all important cases, for Uranus and Mars are both strongly adverse.

It is a time when the emotions may mislead and warning is given against impulsive decisions or promises of favors that will be difficult to grant.

There is a sinister sign relating to romance. The middle-aged are likely to be peculiarly susceptible to love affairs. Scandals are prognosticated among men and women of prominence who are connected in some way.

Mars is in a place threatening to many. Surgeons, physicians, soldiers and all public guardians should prepare for unexpected service.

Agriculture comes under a government of the stars that is held to be unfavorable. Crops may suffer severely through floods and unusual storms.

A catastrophe in which a public office—perhaps a court house—will be destroyed is foreshadowed for an Eastern City.

Persons of every vocation should guard their consciences in the coming year. The planets tend toward the emphasis of selfishness, fear of poverty and desire to obtain money at any cost.

Congress has an augury of events that will be marked by heated debates and sensational scenes. Financial matters may cause party dissensions. A senator will gain dubious publicity, if the stars are to be believed.

Again "Candia" has a few say that indicate civil unrest and dissension among the middle classes and many scandals connected with the army. Scandals may become prominent and patriots may be disregarded.

Persons whose birthdate is 11 should guard their families against illness. Employees should be careful.

Children born on this day may have many vicissitudes in life and be often in difficulties. Girls have a sinister sign for marriage.

(Copyright, 1915.)

The New York Infirmary for Women and Children has recently received a beautiful tablet as a memorial to Dr. Emily Blackwell, who with her sister, Elizabeth, founded the hospital.

DAILY FASHION TIPS.

For between-meal purposes unsalted nuts are somewhat more wholesome than the salted variety, although there is no harm done in eating nuts with a little salt, if they are more palatable that way. If you do not wish to go to the trouble and inconvenience of shelling your own nuts, you can buy the meats at a comparatively small advance over those in shells. It is better to make these purchases at some large market, a center market, if possible, as nuts such as shelled pecans, almonds, walnuts, etc., are less likely to be in places than at confectionery stores, and there is also greater economy in buying the broken nuts than the whole meats and for ordinary purposes these are just as satisfactory.

Next time you have a craving for the between-meal sweet buy a thirty-cent box of extra fine nuts. You will get a pound of assorted nut meats at the same price, or a little tin box of ginger at fifteen cents. You will find that much better for your choice than if you bought the same amount of chocolate cream or rich fudge. Try it and see.

TOMORROW'S MENU.

"Digestive cheese and fruit there sure will be," Ben Jonson.

BREAKFAST. Grape Fruit, Cereal and Cream, Nut Rolls, Salt Mackerel, Coffee.

LUNcheon. Roast Chicken, Beef, French Potatoes, Green Salad, Apple Sauce.

SUPPER. Lobster Salad, Bread and Butter Sandwiches, Coffee, Jelly.

IN CREPE GEORGETTE AND LACE.

Over a foundation of cream white satin the soft oyster white crepe Georgette tunic of this evening gown is draped, being looped at the sides with a visible effect. The lower edge of the foundation skirt is trimmed with a band of handsome lace insertion edged with rich brown fur. The deep giraffe is of crepe Georgette and above it blouses a bodice of chiffon trimmed with lace. Crepe forms the puff sleeves and bias bands which outline the neck. The touch of fur at the shoulders is extremely original. In medium size the gown requires 5 yards of crepe Georgette, 4 yards 36-inch satin for the foundation, 5 yards 4-inch lace and 4½ yards fur.

Pictorial Review Pattern No. 6405. Sizes, 34 to 44 inches bust. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 6372. Sizes, 22 to 34 inches waist. Price, 15 cents.

Pictorial Review Patterns

On Sale at

S. KANN, SONS & CO.

An "Emergency Plant" for Women.

In response to a demand from Europe for women physicians to take the place of men whose services have been required of their country and in this country for social work, the board of trustees of the New York Medical College and Hospital for Women has started a campaign to raise \$200,000 by September 1, 1916. The money will be used to erect what has been called "an emergency plant."

FOLK WE TOUGH IN PASSING

JUSTIFICATION OF LIFE.

By JULIA CHANDLER MARZ.

The Christmas season that binds the home ties closer brought such a sense of uselessness and isolation to The Lonely Woman that she felt no justification in her existence.

But a hand that needed her sorely dragged her back from the Valley of the Shadow into the light of loving and being loved.

(Copyright, 1915.)

To those who have found their niche in the scheme of life the Christmas season intensifies their satisfaction in existence through all the reminders that come to them of loving and being loved.

In the case of The Lonely Woman it was not so.

The years through which she had come to her drab middle age had taught her to hate Christmas just as they had taught her a dread of all other holidays that bind the home ties closer and teach one to how many lives one's own has a meaning.

Alone in the little back room in her brother's house which represented all she knew of "home" The Lonely Woman sat fingering the gifts that the season had brought her as a tribute to duty rather than to love; her eyes traveling out over the grey roof of the city in dull speculation of life as it had been—and was to come.

All through the years she had seemed to have just missed the purpose of existence, until now, when life was no longer at spring-time, she found herself a fifth wheel, without apparent justification of being.

In all the Christmas merriment of her brother's household she had felt



"Gifts without Love are no gifts at all."

more keenly than usual the air of tolerance with which her presence was greeted, and she knew that no one missed her through the hours she spent alone in the room that was as colorless as her life.

The Lonely Woman turned from her contemplation of the grey December sky, and one by one, took up the gifts that the yuletide had brought, a conglomeration of hap-hazard remembrances of her existence that showed in no single instance aught beyond the necessity of the giver.

"Gifts without love are no gifts at all," commented The Lonely Woman bitterly, sweeping them all into a pile on her bed from which she turned again to her window.

For an hour she sat so still that a little gray mouse crept out of its hiding place, and made an undisturbed inspection of the room.

At first the sound of laughter floated up to The Lonely Woman from the living room below, but, after a spell, the house, too, became very still—as dead still as her sadly depressed heart.

Evidently her brother's wife, who shared her husband's indifference toward his sister's existence, had followed the example of the rest of the family and gone out.

"When at the age of forty-five one is a rank outsider there is no justification for the space one occupies," The Lonely Woman told herself frankly as she opened her door to be sure that in all this big house on the day which celebrates the Christ Child's birth she was alone and forgotten by every human being whose life she in any way touched.

After which she closed the door, stuffed a few towels under its cracks, swept the despoiled gifts from the bed, turned on the gas and lay down with a bitter smile to await the flight of her spirit into a world where perhaps she might find a niche.

With her first vague consciousness splendid sweeps of invigorating air came to The Lonely Woman through her open window as the doctor bent above her, and the silence of her little room was rent with sobbing.

The Lonely Woman lay very still.

She was thinking how glad she was to be through with life when the vagueness lifted, and she recognized her own familiar bed, and her own drab little room.

Then she had failed in her purpose!

And the sobbing!

Who in all the world could be sobbing in her room, questioned The Lonely Woman in her mind as she slipped back into unconsciousness.

But when again she emerged it was with a clearer brain which grasped the meaning of the young girl kneeling beside her bed in a quiver of mingled fear and hope.

"Mary!" exclaimed The Lonely Woman, "Why, Mary, I had forgotten you!"

"Oh," sobbed the orphan girl into whose life The Lonely Woman had brought all there had ever been of love and comfort and happiness, "if you hadn't come back I could not have gone on."

"I mean so much as that to you?" questioned The Lonely Woman, and when the answer came a strange new radiance lighted her eyes; the heart that had not known a flutter in many a year gave a bound of gladness, and an unfamiliar sense of justification for her existence took possession of her as she smiled back into the quivering face of the equally lonely girl whose life she had made worth the having.

And when the doctor had given his word to keep secret the discovery that the girl Mary had made, and had left her alone with The Lonely Woman, they made a wonderful compact that eliminated self-inspection in its promise of a service that would bring them to another Yuletide loving and being loved.

The association is making a special effort to raise \$100,000 to carry on its educational work and is trying to enroll sustaining members at an annual fee of \$5. It is said many lovers of birds, recognizing the association the only active agency through which they can hope to do anything in a big way for their feathered friends, are sending their membership dues to the headquarters of the association at 1214 Broadway, New York City.

Accused of Killing Baby.

New York, Dec. 24.—Charged with throwing her new born child out of a fourth-story window Sophie Washuta, 30, of 613 East Thirtieth street, was taken to Bellevue a prisoner early today. The police say the girl's sister-in-law, with whom she lived, found her trying to strangle the infant and ran for a policeman. When Policeman Bauer got there he found the baby's body in the yard.



CHRISTMAS.

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The snow is falling, blown like little quivering feathers against my window, and the city is gay in her ball gown of shimmering crystal. I have heard the snow so often called the shroud of white and I could never understand why any simile involving death should suggest itself to one gazing across the snow-trimmed houses, or upon the trees, groaning under the weight of their frozen branches. It has always meant life to me. I dream of all that is born under that protecting blanket of white—life that is there, stirring restlessly in its sleep. I feel that the trees and flowers are merely resting after three long seasons of activity, preparing for the greatest season of all, the most creative one—spring.

Several years we spent in the all-sunshine countries during holiday season, and I did not feel as though Christmas had really arrived. I remember going for a swim in the Pacific Ocean one Christmas afternoon and eating our dinner under the palm trees, in a rose bower, gowned in little summer dresses as if it were July instead of December. This was beautiful for a change, but what I like best is to be in the cold countries where the snow is against the door and the houses are warm and snug.

The Old-Fashioned Christmas.

The fire in the grate is so beautiful, and in the old-fashioned homes you sit around in the evening, popping corn or eating chestnuts hot from the coals. And there will be cider in pewter mugs, while from the kitchen will come the most tantalizing odors of spice, mince and roasting turkey. The children will hang up their stockings, and the daddy of the household will always dress like Santa Claus, and come rollicking into the room to greet the joyous household.

In the old-fashioned parlors, which are larger than our modern four-roomed apartments, after dinner they digest the goodies they have been eating by dancing the "Virginia Reel" or the old square dances, which are ever so much more fun than our modern one-steps or slow deliberate waltzes.

Lottie, Jack and I still love to hang our stockings, and our mother always fills them with pretty little gifts, most of them made by herself or my aunt. These are my prize packages, the ones I enjoy opening the most on Christmas morning.

Empty Stockings.

I will never forget one lonely Christmas on the road when Lottie and I as children, had to leave merry New York and travel north with the company.

It was bitter cold and there was little of the festive Christmas in our cheap, ill-lighted hotel room. But it was Christmas Eve and Lottie and I felt that Santa Claus would be very near—possibly by now scampering over the roof of this very hotel and peeping down at us through the chimney, as we hung our stockings high on the gas jet. We had such faith in him that he would come there so soon we tumbled into our beds, so we closed our eyes tight and were soon fast asleep.

Answers to Correspondents.

A. M., — wants to know what to do with her hair, which is falling out, and for a chapped complexion. Whenever I notice my hair is falling, I brush it every night until the dead hair has left the scalp and that makes room for the new hair to come in. In my article, "When Toss Shampooed Her Hair," I have given the simple remedies I know. For a chapped face I use cold cream, although the simple old-fashioned remedy of mutton tallow is really one of the best after all.

Miss Lollie A., — writes a very unhappy letter about investing in a supposed moving-picture company which promised her a fine position. One must be very careful, as no established company will ask a premium from people they are about to employ. She has been disappointed many months, not hearing from them, and this is a warning to many others who are entering into a new field, which needs careful looking into, to be sure on the right plane, before giving up their own positions to accept others they know nothing about.

Miss Mary O'Brien and Helena Keane, Miss Katherine Cowles recited the preface. The types of the Old Testament were as follows: Isaac, Miss Helen Higgins; Abraham, Miss Frances Mealey; Joseph, Miss Elizabeth Garner; brothers, Miss Mildred Huxley and Helen Tobitt; Merchants, Misses Gladys Flanagan, Anna Leahy, Loretta O'Leary and Mary Fitzgerald; Moses, Andy Morris; Miriam, Miss Katherine Cowles; Pharaoh's daughter, Miss Margaret Pennell; attendants, Misses Kathleen Tobitt, Mary Rhodes, Frances Geler, Anna Donn and Catherine Horen; David, Miss Katherine Cowles; Samuel, Miss Josephine Sheehan; Isaac, Miss Mary Mealey; Blessing Virgin, Miss Mercedes Phelan; St. Joseph, Anna Easton-Smith; shepherds, Mary Murphy, Mary Holland, Marie Nohe, Mary Hartigan and Catherine Geary; wise men, Misses Mary Haden, Elizabeth Bogan and Catherine O'Donoghue.

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